

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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To The Brotherhood

For more than a year the reader has not been accustomed to look for announcements on this page, but rather for the leading editorial of the paper. There are, however, several matters which we deem of sufficient importance to give a place on this page.

Two Hundred Papers Short

Some errors can be corrected, others cannot. Last week we lacked just 200 papers of having enough to supply our subscribers. Just how this happened it is difficult to determine. Think of the 200 subscribers without last week's paper, and, until they read this item, not knowing what the trouble is. The editor himself is to blame for this error, as we carried the paper into the press room with our own hands. How did we come to miss the mark so far? It is a mystery to us, and will remain one. How gladly we would supply these 200 subscribers with their paper, but what can we do? We are powerless to do anything except give a promise that the error shall not be repeated.

Another Mystery

A few days after the mail was sent out two weeks ago we received an official card from the Postmaster at St. Paul, Minn., stating that a bundle of papers called the BRETHREN EVANGELIST remained dead in the office, giving the names of a few persons to whom they were addressed. Fortunately we happened to recognize one of the names as belonging to Milledgeville, Ill. Now the mystery is this: How did this package happen to be sent to St. Paul, *when this office is not on our list*? As the names of all the offices to which we send papers are printed, one of two things must be,—First, either some one in the office addressed the package to St. Paul, or the Post-office department carried it to the wrong place. The former we *know* is not the case, and therefore the latter must be. We make mention of this particular case because it shows that we are not responsible for all the blunders which are charged to us.

How You Can Help Us

With the additional work, the editor met with a sudden collapse on Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. We were "housed up" until Monday evening, Feb. 5. We have not yet recovered from this sudden and unexpected break down, and tho we hope to, yet we have no *certain* hope.

Not least among the burdens of this office is its financial management. Prompt collections and remittances on the part of agents, and a vigorous prosecution of the canvass for renewals and new subscriptions will very much lighten our burdens. Please, brethren.

Seed Distributors

It is said that railroads turn out to be great distributors of seeds and plants. All sorts of seeds are carried in all sorts of freight, and deposited in all sorts of places. In this way plants foreign to various sections penetrated by the rails are found growing in the unfamiliar ground, and flowers bloom where their radiance never before shed grateful fragrance and beauty.

It is much the same way but on a larger scale, seeds moral and spiritual are scattered over the face of the earth. They are carried upon the thousand wings of literature, they are borne by men who travel to and fro, they are distributed in a hundred ways, so that we do not know where a crop of personal responsibility is growing for us. A word spoken or written finds lodgment a thousand miles away, and immediately takes root downward and springs upward. It may be good or evil. We all know what wonderful vitality is shown by useless, and even evil weeds. They multiply by the millions, and appear to be invulnerable to every effort to root them out. It is a mighty good idea to look carefully at your stock of seeds, the kind that your daily home life is producing. Sowing wild oats may be great fun, but the laugh grows awfully sickly when the reaping time comes. Sowing good seed may require patient and painful labor, but all the toil and trouble will be forgotten when you see how wide and golden the harvest is. This is a very little bit of a world, and the reason doubtless lies in the fact that it is plenty big enough to fill the universe, and fill eternity with consequences. The universe couldn't be made any bigger than it was, and so this seed world, this planet where countless millions were growing seed and sowing seed for the eternal harvest, had to be made comparatively small, so that there would not be more results than room to hold them. You may think that you are very nearly nobody, but the probability is that you will have to travel far, and make a wide circle, to get around your eternity crop. Let us be wise, fan our seed, "sow beside all waters," pray God to root up all that is evil, and then hopefully await the gathering of the sheaves.